Nº 10.] [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1830.

THE READER:

CONSISTING OF ENTERTAINING EXTRACTS FROM NEW BOOKS, WITH OCCASIONAL CRITICISM.

The Poetical Works of William Collins. 12mo. Pickering.

[Continued, with concluding Remarks.]

Thomas Warton furnishes the next information:—

"I often saw Collins in London in 1750. This was before his illness. He then told me of his intended History of the "Revival of Learning," and proposed a scheme of a Review, to be called the "Clarendon Review," and to be printed at the University press, under the conduct and authority of the University. About Easter the next year, I was in London; when, being given over and supposed to be dying, he desired to see me, that he might take his last leave of me; but he grew better; and in the summer he sent me a letter on some private business, which I have now by me, dated Chichester, June 9, 1751, written in a fine hand, and without the least symptom of a disordered or debilitated understanding. In 1754 he came to Oxford, for change of air and amusement, where he stayed for a month; I saw him frequently, but he was so weak and low, that he could not bear conversation. Once he walked from his lodgings, opposite Christ Church, to Trinity College, but supported by his servant. The same year, in September, I and my brother visited him at Chichester, where he lived in the Cathedral cloisters with his sister. The first day he was in high spirits at intervals, but exerted himself so much, that he could not see us the second. Here he showed us an ode to Mr John Home, on his leaving England for Scotland, in the octave stanza, very long, and beginning,—

"Home, thou return'st from Thames."

I remember there was a beautiful description of the spectre of a man drowned in the night, or, in the language of the old Scotch superstitions, seized by the angry spirit of the waters, appearing to his wife, with pale blue cheek, &c. Mr Home has no copy of it. He also shewed us another ode, of two or three four-lined stanzas, called the Bell of Arragon; on a tradition that, anciently, just before a King of Spain died, the great bell of the cathedral of Saragossa, in Arragon, tolled spontaneously. It began thus:—

"The bell of Arragon, they say,
"Spontaneous speaks the fatal day."

Soon afterwards were these lines:—

"Whatever dark aërial power
"Commission'd haunts the gloomy tower."

The last stanza consisted of a moral transition to his own death and knell, which he called "some simpler bell." I have seen all his odes already published in his own handwriting; they had the marks of repeated correction; he was perpetually changing his epithets. Dr Warton, my brother, has a few fragments of some other odes, but too loose and imperfect for publication, yet containing traces of high imagery.

"In illustration of what Dr Johnson has related, that during his last malady he was a great reader of the Bible, I am favoured with the following anecdote from the Rev. Mr Shenston, Vicar of St Andrews, at Chichester, by whom Collins was buried:—"Walking in my vicarial garden one Sunday evening, during Collins's last illness, I heard a female (the servant, I suppose) reading the Bible in his chamber. Mr Collins had been accustomed to rave much, and make great moanings: but while she was reading, or rather attempting to read, he was not only silent, but attentive likewise, correcting her mistakes, which indeed were very frequent, through the whole of the twenty-seventh chapter of Genesis. I have just been informed, from undoubted authority, that Collins had finished a Preliminary Dissertation to be prefixed to his History of the Restoration of Learning, and that it was written with great judgment, precision, and knowledge of the subject. "T. W."

"The overthrow of Collins's mind (pursues the biographer in the edition before us) was too complete for it to be restored by variety of scene or the attentions of friendship. Thomas Warton describes him as being in a weak and low condition, and unable to bear conversation, when he saw him at Oxford. He was afterwards confined in a house for the insane at Chelsea; but before September 1754, he was removed to Chichester, under the care of his sister, where he was visited by the two Wartons. At this time, his spirits temporarily rallied; and he adverted with delight to his studies, showing his guest the ode to Mr Home on his leaving England for Scotland. During Collins's illness, Johnson was a frequent enquirer after his health, and those enquiries were made with a degree of feeling which, as he himself hints, may have partly arisen from the dread he entertained lest he might be the victim of a similar calamity."

One or two of the short and affecting letters of Dr Johnson relative to his poor friend, may here be repeated:—

"*December* 24, 1754.

"Poor dear Collins! Let me know whether you think it would give him pleasure if I should write to him. I have often been near his state, and therefore have it in great commiseration."

"*April* 15, 1756.

"What becomes of poor dear Collins? I wrote him a letter which he never answered. I suppose writing is very troublesome to him. That man is no common loss. The moralists all talk of the uncertainty of fortune, and the transitoriness of beauty; but it is yet more dreadful to consider that the powers of the mind are equally liable to change, that understanding may make its appearance and depart, that it may blaze and expire."

"In this state of mental darkness," continues the Editor, "did Collins pass the last six or seven years of his existence, in the house now occupied by Mr Mason, a bookseller in Chichester. His malady is described by Johnson as being, not so much an alienation of mind, as a general laxity and feebleness of his vital, rather than his intellectual powers; but his disorder seems, from other authorities, to have been of a more violent nature. As he was never married, he was indebted for protection and kindness to his youngest sister; and death, the only hope of the afflicted, came to his relief on the 12th of June 1759, in the 39th year of his age; a period of life, when the fervour of the imagination is generally chastened without being subdued, and when all the mental powers are in the fullest vigour. He was buried in the church of St Andrew, Chichester, on the 15th on June; and the admiration of the public for his genius has been manifested by the erection of a monument by Flaxman to his memory in the cathedral."

We add two more anecdotes, and an account of the poet's family. Collins is said to have "felt the neglect with which his odes were treated, with the indignation natural to an enthusiastic temper. Having purchased the unsold copies of the first edition from the booksellers, he set fire to them with his own hand, as if to revenge himself on the apathy and ignorance of the public."

"A poet, and not to have felt the tender passion, would be a creature which the world has never yet seen. It is said that Collins was extremely fond of a young lady who was born the day before him, and who did not return his affection; and that, purning upon his misfortune, he observed, that 'he came into the world a day after the fair.' The lady is supposed to have been Miss Elizabeth Goddard, the intended bride of Colonel Ross, to whom he addressed his beautiful ode on the death of that officer at the battle of Fontenoy, at which time she was on a visit to the Earl of Tankerville, who then resided at Upton Park, near Chichester, a place that overlooks the little village of Harting, mentioned in the ode."

Collins's "family, which were very respectable, were established at Chichester in the sixteenth century, as tradesmen of the higher order, and his immediate ancestor was Mayor of that city in 1619: his mother's relations appear to have been of a superior condition in life. Collins lost his father in 1734, and, on the 5th of July 1744, his mother died. He was an only son: of his two sisters, Elizabeth, the eldest, died unmarried, and Anne, the youngest, who took care of him when he was bereft of reason, married first Mr Hugh Sempill, who died in 1762, and secondly, the Rev. Mr Thomas Durnford, and died at Chichester in November 1789. Her character is thus described on the authority of Mr Park: 'The Rev. Mr Durnford, who resided at Chichester, and was the son of Mr Durnford, informed me in August 1795, that the sister of Collins loved money to excess, and evinced so outrageous an aversion to her brother, because he squandered or gave away to the boys in the cloisters whatever money he had, that she destroyed, in a paroxysm of resentment, all his papers, and whatever remained of his enthusiasm for poetry, as far as she could. Mr Hayley told me, when I visited him at Eartham, that he had obtained from her a small drawing by Collins, but it possessed no other value than as a memorial that the bard had attempted to handle the pencil as well as the pen.'"

The dreadful calamity which befel the poet has generally been attributed to pecuniary distresses occasioned by early negligence, or at least to habits of indolence and irresolution which grew upon him. His present biographer says, with great appearance of justice, that the irresolution was always manifest; and he attributes the calamity to a weakness of mind that was early developed.

But whence arose the weakness of mind? It is desirable for the common interests of mankind, that biographers should trace character and conduct to their first sources; and it is little to say, that a weakness was the consequence of a weakness. It seems clear to us, that Collins's misfortune originated in the combined causes of delicacy of bodily organization, want of guidance on the part of relations, and perhaps in something of a tendency on their part to a similar malady. His father, a hatter, is described as being "a pompous man:" his sister pushed avarice and resentment to a pitch of the insane: the father died, while his son was a boy, the mother not long afterwards; his uncle, Colonel Martin, though otherwise very kind, seems to have left him to his own guidance; the poet was so delicately organized, that in early life he anticipated blindness; and this ardent and sensitive young man, thus left to himself, conscious of great natural powers, which he thought he might draw upon at a future day, and possessing the natural voluptuousness of the poetical temperament, plunged into debt and pleasure beyond recovery, and from a combination of predisposing circumstances, lost his wits. We think it discernible that he had his father's pride, though in better taste; and also, that he partook of his sister's vehemence, though as generous as she was stingy. We learn from Sir Egerton Brydges, that notwithstanding his delicacy of temperament, his shrieks were sometimes to be heard from the cloisters in Chichester, to such an excess as to become unbearable. "Poor dear Collins!" we involuntarily exclaim with Dr Johnson:—how much we owe, pity, and love him! We can love any man that is generous; we pity Collins in proportion as he has taught us to love Pity herself; and we owe him, in common with others, some of the most delightful dreams of our childhood. Of our childhood, do we say? Of our manhood,—of our *eternity-hood* we hope; for his dreams are fit to be realized in the next world.

"Thy form," says he, in his Ode to Pity, speaking of the God of War,—

> "Thy form from out thy sweet abode
> O'ertook him on his blasted road,
> And stopp'd his wheels, and look'd his rage away!"

How did this passage, by the help of the pretty design by Mr Kirk in Cooke's edition of the poets, affect us, and engage our hearts for ever in the cause of humanity! An allegory may be thought a cold thing by the critics; but to a child it is often the best representation of the truth he finds within him, and the man is so far fortunate who feels like the child. We used to fancy we saw Pity's house on the road side,—a better Angel than those in Bunyan,—and the sweet inmate issuing forth, on one of her dewy mornings, to look into the eyes of the God of War, and turn him from his purpose.

And then the golden visions and fountains! Sir Egerton Brydges has some reasonable objections to Dr Johnson's criticism, but it is an unjustice to all parties to omit the celebrated musical passage, in which the latter has recorded his friend's attachment to poetical wonders, and we will repeat it here, for the pleasure of the sound:—"He loved fairies, genii, and monsters: he delighted to rove through the meadows of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, and to repose by the water-falls of Elysium."

We do not think with Sir Egerton Brydges, that Collins was the founder of a new school. He was of the school of Spenser and the Italians; but he was a true poet in that school. What he did well, was exquisite,—the very morning touches of Apollo's lute; what he mixed up with it of obscurity or common-place, was owing to indolence. We agree with Sir Egerton in thinking little of the *Ode on the Superstitions of the Highlands*, and that the stanzas pretended to be recovered are spurious.

Had Collins married and had a family, or been compelled to write not only for himself but others, it is probable that the morbidity of his temperament would have been spared its fatal consequences: the necessity of labour might have varied his thoughts, and sympathy turned his very weakness into strength. A good heart can hardly be conscious of belonging to many others, and not distribute itself, as it were, into their being, and multiply its endurance for their sake. But Collins might have had such an opinion of his disease, as to think himself bound to remain single. It does not appear to us, that the greatest understandings, through whatever dangers they may pass from excess of thought, are liable to be finally borne down by it. They seize upon every help, and acquire the habit of conquest. But we suspect Collins to have been not only of a race overstocked with passion, but a spoiled child, habituated to the earliest indulgence of his feelings; and the infirmity may have become so strong for him as to render such a piece of self-denial at once the most painful and most reasonable of his actions. We retire with reverence before the possibility of such a trial of virtue; and can only end with hoping, that the spirit which has given such delight to mankind, is now itself delighted.

Bernard's Retrospections of the Stage, 2 vols. Colburn and Bentley.

[Further Extracts.]

A Lord and Bishop.—At Londonderry our fortnight's performances were got up by subscription, and the first and noblest was the Bishop of Derry, Earl of Bristol, brother of the husband of the Duchess of Kingston. He was a great patron of theatricals, and his favourite conversation was upon the London stage. He was very fond of contrasting the merits of its then popular performers with those of a school which had passed away. Being pleased to take particular notice of me, I had opportunities at his own table of estimating his talents. A more agreeable companion I never met with, nor a more well-informed man; and I have no doubt he was as liberal as he was intelligent; but what qualified him to be a bishop, more than his competency to spend eighteen thousand a year, I never could discover. The Earl was a great *bon-vivant*, and the relaxations he indulged in called for certain invigorations to balance the account. But his constitution was like a dilapidated building,—continual repair only preserved the form, whilst it added nothing to the strength. His physician had advised early rising, and a walk on the ramparts, as the best bracers, or, in case of unfavourable weather—a cold bath; and for some time the Earl had adopted and been benefitted by such means. He had an Irish giant for a valet, a fellow as muscular as he was tall, who had been in his service many years, and discharged the duties of waking him in the morning, and waiting on him to the ramparts or the bath. One morning the Earl felt very drowsy (having not long been in bed) and told Teddy, when the latter disturbed him, to begone. "Plase Sir," said the servant, "I know it rains, very well; but if your honour won't walk, you can take the bath, you know." The Earl however, would not rise at all, and Teddy quitted the room. At breakfast the former felt unwell, and attributing it to his non-compliance with his usual custom, blamed his domestic for not compelling him to bathe, whether he wished it or not, knowing that such an act was conducive to his master's health.

"Teddy," said he, "you know what benefit I have derived from bathing; and you know very well, that when a man is inclined to sleep, he'll sacrifice anything to enjoy his bed. Another morning, when you find me unwilling to rise, take me up in your arms—you are strong enough—and carry me to the bath!"—"Very well, Sir," said Teddy, "I'll remember." The following morning, it rained again, and Teddy, true to his duty, came into the Earl's chamber, and awoke him to take the bath; but his master was as little inclined to rise on this occasion as before, and moreover felt displeased at being so hastily summoned from a beautiful pantomime that was performing in the playhouse of his brain. But Teddy was not to be put off or got rid of, and insisted on his getting up. "I tell you I shall not rise this morning, Sir," said the Earl. "But you must rise."—"*Must!* get out of the room, you rascal!"—"By the powers, I'll do no such thing."—"Am I not your master?"—"Don't I know it's for your health?"—"I command you, Sir!"—"Yes,—but plase your Grace, you are either not awake now, or you are not sinsible of what you are saying; and if I let you slape now, don't I know very well that at breakfast you will be scowlding me again, as you did yesterday? So, come along, my Lord, 'tis no use your kicking and bawling; you must come and bathe yourself." saying which he quietly took the Earl up in his arms, as he would have done a lapdog, and carrying him to the tub, plumped him in it. The latter, knowing it was no use to struggle in such a situation, when the shock was over, called for soap and towels.

At breakfast, the Earl was rather gloomy, and could not acquaint the family with the cause till Teddy came in, who, nodding his head and rubbing his hands in great glee, approached him, and said, "Well, my Lord, I managed to *wake* you this morning!" At these words, said he to me, my features relaxed, and I could not deny the poor fellow the approbation he expected.—Vol. I. p. 362.

Involuntary Horse-stealing.—If the Irish are to be distinguished as a convivial and a musical, they must also be noted as a circumlocatory people. Observing one day an unusual commotion in the streets of Derry, I enquired of a bystander the reason; and he, with a mellifluous brogue, replied in the following metaphorical manner. "The rason, sirr? why, you see that Justice and little Larry O'Hone the carpenter have been pulling up a picture-frame at the end of the strate yonder, and they are going to hang one of 'Adam's copies in it."—"What's that?"—"Why, poor Murdock O'Donnel!"—"Oh there's a man to be hung?"—"Do they put up a gallows for any other purpose?"—"What's his offence?"—"No offence, your honour; it was only a liberty he took."—"Well, what was the liberty?"—"Why, you see, sirr, poor Murdock was in delicate health, and his physician advised that he should take exercise on horseback; and so, having no horse of his own, he borrowed one from Squire Doyle's paddock, and no sooner was he on its showlders than the devil put it into the cracher's head to go over to Killogreen cattle-fair, where he had a good many acquaintances; and when he was got there, Murdock spied a friend at the door of a sheebeen-house, and left the animal grazing outside, whilst he went in to have a thimble-full of whiskey; and there, you

see, they got frisky, and had another, and another, till poor Murdock went to slape upon the binch, and when he awoke up, he found the cracher gone, and his pocket stuffed full with a big lump of money."—"In short," said I, "you mean to say he has been horse-stealing?"—"Why, sirr," he replied, stammering and scratching his head, "they call it so in England!"

ROSSIGNOLLE THE VENTRILOQUIST.—This person was the most wonderful of all the species which in my experience have flooded the stage. His ability lay not in simply imitating the human voice, (the common province of ventriloquists, and the most attainable) but those of all birds and beasts, and all noises, whether natural or mechanical. It was difficult to say which was most to be admired in his organ—its astounding power, or its minute liquidity; for he could give you as correct an idea of the sawing of a huge piece of timber, as of the song of a linnet.

His entertainment was divided into three parts, with two appropriate scenes, which he carried with him: the first represented an aviary and menagerie, in which he personated the keeper, and as he approached every animal or bird, gave its distinct growl or whistle; the next was the interior of a workshop, in which he pretended to be making a box, and imitated the sounds of all the implements employed. These were rendered characteristic by his dress, and somewhat humourous, by his broken English exclamations. But the third, and perhaps the most extraordinary scene, was his performance on a violin without strings, of a variety of difficult music. Here the illusion exceeds conjecture; and, what to me was more delightful, all Plymouth came to partake in it.

Rossignolle was a fellow of very humourous ideas; he met with adventures in all quarters of Europe, which it was his sole amusement to recount. Among the number, one that occurred to him on the road from Exeter to Plymouth was not the least whimsical.

He had taken his place in the night-coach, but by mistake or connivance was expelled to the outside. The night was very dark, and soon after the coach set off, it began to rain, which, in regard to Devonshire, is to say that the water came down like a cataract. Being neither provided with great coat nor umbrella, he naturally envied the situation of those who sat under him. To desire their comfort, was but another throb with him to endeavour to obtain it; and in the depth of his roguery therefore, as well as distress, the resolved upon the following expedient. He was the only passenger outside, and his location being the dicky, the coachman at the other extremity of the vehicle was incapable of "peeping through the blanket of the dark" upon his doings. He pretended to hug and hush a child in his arms, whose fretful whine he commenced and increased, till it cut the drums of the other passengers' ears like a razor. Two of these persons happened to be females, one of whom was a mother, and the other expected to be. They instantly exclaimed, "Dear me! there's a poor child on the roof, in this rain; let's take it in." The males, as gentlemen and Christians; were compelled to acquiesce; so down went the sash, and out went a lady's head and shoulders to address Rossignolle.—"Here, my good woman, give me the child."—"No, no!" said the latter, imitating the voice of a female; "mine littel dear Adolphine sal not go from her mamma" and then he commenced another series of soprano notes (interspersed with a number of basso hush-a-byes) more intolerable than the former. "Good heavens!" said the humane female to her companion, "it's a barbarous Frenchwoman! she'll kill the poor little thing." Then leaning out of the window again, "Give me the child, good woman, will you? t will catch its death! Here, coachman, stop, stop!"—"Stop, ma'am!" said Jehu, "bless your soul! did you ever hear of sich a thing in sich a rain as this? And if I did stop, the young un on the dicky would frighten the cattle."

Rossignolle now pretended to get into a passion with the child and scold it; at which the women opened upon him; the gentlemen swore; and between the squalling, growling, screaming, and threatening, a delightful tumult ensued. The dialogue, as he described it, then ran in the following manner:—

Child, squalling—"Ya, ya!"
Rossignolle—"Hush, hush, child, child!"
Women within—"Don't use it so, good woman."
Child—"Ya, ya, ya!" (a crescendo).
Rossignolle—"You von littel devel; you cry so much."
Women—"There's a brute, Mr Wiggins!"
Gentleman—"All owing to the French Revolution."
Child—"Ya, ya, ya!"
Coachman—"Steady, Betty, steady!"
Rossignolle—"You are one littel dam child!"
Women—"What does she say?"
Child—"Ya, ya, ya!"
Rossignolle—"Won't you be hush? I trow you away."
Women—"Oh, you wretch!"
Child—"Ya, ya, ya!"
Rossignolle—"Dere, den; cot dam! lie in the poodle!"

Here, suiting the action to the word, he made a noise as if he had actually deposited the infant in a ditch, the cries of which grew fainter as the coach drove on. The uproar that now ensued in the vehicle would have done credit to a St Giles's watch-house on St Patrick's day. The women yelled, and the men thumped the roof with their sticks, and swore out of the windows. "Stop, coachman, stop! murder, murder; she's killed the child, she's thrown it in the ditch, will you stop, coachman?"—"In three minutes, ma'am," he replied, "to change horses."—"But there's a child lying on the road?"—"I'll send some one from the inn to pick it up, ma'am; I mustn't lose time between the stages."

The torrent of abuse now turned upon the coachman; and one of the passengers, who was a lawyer, swore that if the child died, he would prosecute the former for manslaughter, and the mother for murder.

On arriving at the inn, Rossignolle jumped down and ran into the kitchen to dry himself. The house was instantly thrown into confusion: the Frenchwoman was ordered to be seized, lanterns were lighted, and a party set off to retrace the road, headed by the humane lawyer. No infant, however, was to be found; and after groping about till they were all thoroughly drenched, they returned to the inn. The lawyer was then told that the French woman had made her escape, and that another gentleman had taken his place in the coach, which was now out of sight.—Vol. II. p. 324.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

De omnibus rebus, et quibusdam aliis.—OLD SAYING.
Of all sorts of things,—and some others.

AN AGREEABLE THOUGHT.—A bee amongst the flowers in spring, is one of the cheerfullest objects that can be looked upon. Its life appears to be all enjoyment: so busy and so pleased.—*Paley.*

HOW TO WASH A BLACKAMOOR WHITE.—"Among other things he [Sir W. Penn] and the captains that were with us, tell me that *negroes drowned* looked white and lost their blackness; which I never heard before."—*Pepys's Diary.*

ZEAL FOR JUSTICE.—A court of justice being very noisy, the Judge called out for silence. It is very strange, said he, that the officers cannot keep silence. Here have we been judging I know not how many causes, and it was impossible to hear one of them.—*Menage.*

VALUE OF ILL HEALTH.—A man, named Martin, who had been sentenced to death, in France, was respited for much longer than the usual time, owing to the bad state of his health,—the officers of the prison having officially stated "that his life would be endangered by bringing him out to execution!"—*Scotsman.*—[Bacon tells us (if we remember), that a man who was brought before his father the Judge, to be tried for some capital offence, cried out, pointing towards him, "I beseech ye, good people, have an eye upon that man; for I go in fear of my life, because of him."]

ALLITERATION.—Dr Parr, when in a playful mood, appears to have been fond of alliteration. Speaking of Warburton and Hurd's publication against Hume, he calls it "an impertinent, impotent, impudent book." He characterises Hurd as a "prim, priggish, proud priest," and Porteus as "a poor paltry prelate, proud of petty popularity, and perpetually preaching to petticoats."—*Barker's Parriana.*—[This reminds one of the famous Latin poem of several hundred lines, entitled *Pugna Porcorum*, every word in which begins with a P. We remember only the first line.

Plaudite, porcelli, porcorum pigra propago.]

ONE OF THE FRENCH PATRIOTS.—We made acquaintance with our washerwoman (young and very handsome), whose brother was wounded on the Tuesday. ——— and myself went to visit him: we found him in bed, reading translations of English novels, and the French papers. He expressed himself as highly gratified by the mark of interest thus shown by strangers in his fate, and in fact evinced most unequivocally that we had paid him the most grateful compliment we could possibly have imagined. The fact that the English people sympathised with him seemed to give him exquisite delight.—*Correspondent of the Examiner.*—[Marie Mignot should have lived in these times. She would have found that she might be a washerwoman, and have illustrious kinsmen too. What times they are! Here is the brother of a washerwoman reading politics and polite literature, and told, as if he had been a prince, and had an ambassador sent him, that the English people sympathised with his heroism. And the best of it is, he is told truly.]

MAJESTY AND BREAKFAST.—Madame de Stael,—so runs the anecdote,—was walking with the late King, then Regent, in Carlton House Gardens, when the Prince, in his most condescending manner, asked her to breakfast for the next day. "*Ah! mon Dieu,*" cried the author of *Corinne*, "I can't have that pleasure; I am engaged." The Prince withdrew his arm, and the unlucky Baronne never received another courtesy nor another invitation!—*Spectator.*—[Perhaps she considered herself the lucky Baronne, and did it on purpose. A story to that effect has been told, on good authority, of the late Sir Philip Francis. Times are now mended. Wits no longer breakfast upon compulsion, nor Kings think it dignified to be sulky. William IV asks a man to dine with him "if he has no better engagement," and the King of the French did the same the other day to the Mayor of a country town. The conduct of the late King, here described, puts royalty in no better light than that of the idiot mentioned by Johnson, who when anybody would not do as he pleased, used to say he would go and lie all night on the bridge."]

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

This Evening will be performed, (21st time) a Farce, in Two Acts, called

A HUSBAND AT SIGHT.

Baroness Lonisburg, Mrs W. CLIFFORD,
Catherine, Mrs HUMBY,
Augusta Polinsky, Miss MORDAUNT,
Villagers, Mesdames Gallot, Coveney, Barnett, E. Barnett, Johnson, Lodge, &c.
Ferdinand Lonisburg, Mr VINING,
Gustavus Gundershoff, Mr WEBSTER, Paul Parchwitz, Mr WILLIAMS,
Leonard, Mr LODGE, Carl, Mr BISHOP, George, Mr COATES,
Villagers, Messrs. C. Morris, Cooke, Barnett, B. Barnett, V. Webster, Moore, &c.

After which, (3d time) a Drama in Three Acts, called

AMBITION; OR, MARIE MIGNOT.

[A lapse of about Ten Years is supposed to take place between each Act.]

Marie Mignot, *(Mignot's Niece)* Miss F. H. KELLY,
Ariette Delorme, Mrs GLOVER,
Marie Mignot, *(Mignot's Daughter)* Mrs ASHTON.
Female Guests, Mesd. Coveney, Gallot, Johnson, Barnett, E. Barnett, Lodge, &c.
Casimir King of Poland, Mr COOPER.
The Marquis de Dinot *(Marshal of France)* Mr THOMPSON.
Lagardie, Mr VINING,
M. Modeau, Mr WILLIAMS, Gaston, Mr BRINDAL,
Mignot, *(a Celebrated Cook)* Mr W. FARREN,
Guests, Messrs Bishop, B. Barnett, Cooke, Coates, C. Morris, V. Webster, &c.

To conclude with (30th time) a Petite Comedy, in Two Acts, called

SEPARATION AND REPARATION.

Madame Gilderland, Mrs GLOVER
Angelique, Miss MORDAUNT.
Baron Malamour, Mr COOPER
Von Grotius (a Lawyer) Mr W. FARREN,
Col. Esplanade, Mr BRINDAL,
Poppinoff, (a Game Keeper,) Mr WEBSTER,

Miss PATON is engaged at this Theatre, and will appear on TUESDAY next.

THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

HAYMARKET.

FROM the long run it has had, we expected to find *Clari* a better piece than it is, in point of writing. But it has its merits, and those of a very popular kind,—appeals to the strongest domestic feelings; and the beautiful air of *Home, Sweet Home*, is worth going to hear, though for the hundreth time. If we lived near the theatres, we should infallibly go in of an evening, though it were six times in the week, purely to hear songs of this kind, or to see a favourite scene and go out again. In some of the great theatres in Italy, the audience converse and play at cards in their boxes, as they would at home, and only attend to the stage when some favourite air is to be heard. We can understand this; but we would rather lounge into the playhouse out of a real home, see and hear what we liked, and so leave it. We should not have southern pliancy enough for the other custom. Who could suddenly muster up an enthusiasm of joy for a lively song, after discussing politics in a box? or turn from hard-hearted whist to shed a tear?

Clari is made up of the story *La Roche*, and of the play-scene in Hamlet. The father, however, in that story, coming to seek his daughter with a hand-organ, and awakening her remorse by suddenly striking up a native air before her window, is better than anything in the piece before us. The father in the latter, indeed, is the worst thing in it. He goes beyond the proper limits of the paternal character, mistaking his unyielding self-love and resentment for virtue; and Mr WILLIAMS, who performed the part, aggravated our difference of opinion with him, by bellowing in *alto*, like a small bull stinted in his growth. The play-scene is well contrived, with the despairing interruption of the heroine, and her prostration on the ground; and the scene of the waiting-maid nodding to sleep with a song on her lips, is pleasant. Mrs HUMBY does it with success, though her acting is a little hard, and wants shading; we mean a little more delicacy of bye-play and variety of feeling. But the song of *Home* is the charm. We hail it the first time, and we are glad to hear it again afterwards, and rejoice when the air is repeated by a flute, or heard remotely in the marriage festival. The sound of that festival in the distance, while the poor girl at her father's door is listening in anguish, is extremely effective. We could go on purpose to hear that alone. Mr BISHOP is said to have stolen this charming air from Sicily. If he did, it was a divine theft. He has our full permission to dive again, like Alpheus, and steal more. The accompaniment, we presume, is his own, and it is worthy of it. Those sustained shakes of the flute here and there, sound like the voice of the nightingale, in the village of which we may suppose the song to be speaking.

Critics, whose business it is to look closely, ought to sit in the pit. We sinned against our will last night in sitting in the boxes, where neither the looks nor the tones of Miss TURPIN could well reach us. What we could not properly estimate, therefore, we are bound to hope the best of; but we may take this opportunity of protesting against a fault, so far from peculiar to this young lady, that it is one of the commonest in the profession; namely, that of loitering upon an air,—of dragging the words, and forcing the orchestra to drag with them, till the proper measure of it, and the whole character of the melody, are seriously injured, sometimes quite destroyed. Now the more beautiful an air is, the less it ought to be treated in this way. We might as well repeat a fine saying, with all the good taken out of it; or in order to give a notion of the walk and gait of a beautiful woman, lag as if we were lame. It is a received error too on these occasions, to destroy the measure of the cadence, and turn the closing bars into a mere preparation for a shake; and if the singer shake well, she or he thinks that all is right, and the audience have been led to think so too: whereas with equal reason might a person misrepresent a fine speech composed by another, and then, by way of making amends, fall to shewing us how well they can chatter their teeth. If we were a musical composer for a theatre, there is nothing we would more insist upon, than attention to the measure. It is what form, and the flow of an outline, is to drawing. A painter might with as much propriety lengthen the figure of the Venus de Medici into lankiness, and then present it to us for the finely-turned original, as singers in general drawl over their airs, and destroy the charm of their movement.

We advert to the new piece again, merely to say a word or two on the character of *Mignot* the father. On turning to Boileau (Variorum, Paris 1819), we are reminded, that it was a pamphlet of Cotin's against that poet, and not verses, in which this indignant pastry-cook wrapped up his biscuits, out of revenge. Boileau had introduced him in one of his satires, as a man of very dangerous pastry. Probably the poet, who had a weak stomach, had suffered from it.

The following is a note on the passage in the edition above referred to:—

"Jacques Mignot, cook and pastry-cook in the Rue de la Harpe, chief-cook to the king, and yeoman of the mouth to the queen, indignant at being called a poisoner, laid his complaints before the judge, who laughed, and exhorted him to do the same. Mignot, in revenge, wrapped his biscuits in the sheets of the *Critique Désintéressée*, a pamphlet written by Cotin against Boileau. This was the happiest expedient that had yet been found for bringing Cotin's writing into circulation. Boileau often amused himself with buying these biscuits." Mignot, finding the advertisement so useful, grew reconciled to the poet, and was content to have been laughed at.

THE LITERARY EDITOR.—In the *Literary Gazette* lately appeared an elaborate criticism, to prove that a foolish Play on the subject of the "Gunpowder Treason" was *not* written by Shakspeare. We highly admire the arguments of the Critic. We think they amount almost to demonstration. In the same spirit we shall endeavour to show, that the popular ditty of "One a penny, two a penny, Hot Cross Buns," was *not* written by Sir Philip Sidney, to whom it is generally imputed. We also explode the vulgar notion that "Hush-a-by Baby," owed its popularity to Waller, or (as Mr J——n *still* thinks) to Denham. What a great author really did not write, is in some instances almost mathematically to be proved. But as to what he *did* write—why, really, when we see such a critic as Mr J——n himself imposed upon by a Sonnet of Shakspeare's which he took to be a *modern composition (and he was very lately near doing the same to a Sonnet of Milton's, till Miss —— informed him better)*, it becomes a point of modesty to be slow in deciding. Authors *may* write below themselves. The Editor of the *L——y G——e* CAN NOT.—*Examiner.* [Jerdan has at length done a clever thing. He has got somebody to write grammar for him. We hope he will persevere, cautioning his friends, however, how they confound themselves with his past literature, otherwise we shall be under the necessity of endangering the sides of the town by some retrospections. We still recognize his hand in "music, redolent of the green leaves," &c. Music redolent! Odoriferous crotchets!]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. A. is received.

Will B. N. E. C. K. explain his views more particularly, and favour us with a specimen?

Published by ONWHYN, Catherine street, Strand; sold by HEWARD, Wellington street, Waterloo Bridge; J. CHAPPEL, 98 Royal Exchange, and by all Booksellers and Newsmen.
C. and W. REYNELL, Printers, Broad street, Golden square.